

MODERN NOAH'S ARK IN LONDON

QUEEREST OF FREAK ANIMAL SHOPS.

WHITECHAPEL'S crowded Ghetto, in London, is the last place in the world where one would expect to discover a collection of freak animals. And yet, in one of the narrow courts of this district there is a modern Noah's Ark, where are housed pigmy ponies, tiny "teddy bears," queer kangaroos, "crowned" cranes, and other weird specimens of animal and bird life. The keeper of these strange creatures is Albert Jamrach, whose name is a household word among animal collectors all over the world.

There are many odd places in the world's metropolis, but Jamrach's, popularly speaking, "takes the cake." In a dingy street abutting on an even dingier one, he houses his menagerie. Ask for "Jamrach's" anywhere in that district and half a dozen barefooted, ragged youngsters will volunteer with one accord to show you the way, and, by the time you have reached your destination, you will be attended by a strange bodyguard of half a hundred youngsters, all eager for a peep at some of Jamrach's pets.

The first intimation you receive of being in the vicinity of the miniature zoo is the presence of two tiny ponies which are allowed to wander about in the open streets near Brittain's court, where their home is situated. They are only 33 inches high, and play about the streets just like any other "children." Their owner seems to have absolute confidence in the honesty of the neighbors, for no guard is placed over them. The children of the streets do not attempt to worry them and they are as gentle and playful as a couple of kittens.

TURN them loose and nobody ever troubles them," said Jamrach when he was found in his menagerie feeding a "teddy bear" not more than a foot high. "Everybody knows them about here. When they get hungry, they know where to come for their meals, and they don't wander very far."

Jamrach's establishment occupies a three-story building, which, in its palmy days, was evidently a residence of some proportions. Since the zoo invaded it, however, the interior has been fitted out with numerous iron-barred cages instead of rooms, and only the four walls remain of the ancient mansion. Where human beings once dwelt, you now see pigmy ponies and tiny bears, diminutive undergrown Indian cattle, emus and armadillos, cranes and kangaroos. In fact, all sorts of queer animals, some of whose names are even queerer than themselves. For instance, in one corner of the room is a pair of wily wallabies who gaze at you with deceitful eyes, while, not far away,

even more suspicious looking, is a "flying phalanger."

In England, just now, there is a big demand for these freak animals and birds of all kinds. Americans in high society are taking a leading part in encouraging the strange fad. The Countess of Craven, daughter of the Bradley-Martins, has recently bought several pigmy ponies; while other wealthy members of the American colony who own fine country mansions have invested in cranes and kangaroos to add "decorative effect" to their lawns.

English Notables, Too.

Hosts of English notabilities have also gone in for the new craze, which has even extended to royalty. Prince Adolphus of Teck has bought several "freaks" for his children, while Baron Alfred de Rothschild has established a private circus on his estate at Tring Park. Among those who are competing with each other for the possession of these curiosities are the Marquis of Stafford, the Marchioness of Bute, Lord Hindlip, Lord Gerald Grosvenor, Lord Edward Cecil, and many other lords and ladies.

Agents of Jamrach are in every seaport likely to be visited by freaks. In the early days, sailing vessels used to come direct to London, bringing their strange animal and bird cargoes as the pets of Jack Tar. Nearly every sailor had a fancy for some sort of animal or bird, and the diversity of their taste in this line was truly marvellous. Since the advent of the tramp steamship in place of the old "wind-jammer," however, Jack has been forbidden to bring pets on board, and hence the old and picturesque method of trading at the London docks has been done away with. As the freaks no longer come to the dealers, the latter must go to the freaks, if not personally, at least through their agents.

"In all the Mediterranean and South American ports," said Jamrach, in describing his peculiar methods of acquiring members of his ark, "I have agents who make it a business to board incoming vessels and search for novelties in the animal and bird line. As soon as an agent makes a find, he wires me, asking what offer I will make. This business has to be done very quickly, as sometimes the ships only stop at the ports a few hours. I immediately wire an offer, if I am interested, and my agent buys the animal. He takes care of it and ships it to London. Of course, there is considerable risk, and sometimes the animals and birds die shortly after arrival, or during transit, in which case our losses are heavy. All things considered, however, a fair number of them manage to get safely through."

Competition Strong.

"Competition is so strong in this trade now," continued the modern Noah, "that my agents have to look very sharp. Besides, it is always necessary to invent new ideas; to create a demand, for instance, for certain things in the freak line."

Jamrach may truthfully claim to have "invented" the craze of pigmy ponies, though, of course, he had nothing to do with inventing the ponies themselves. These tiny ponies are in great demand, not only in Great Britain, but in America. The dealer always has a number of orders from the United States "awaiting" fulfillment. The animals come from Iceland. They do not naturally breed as "pigmy," but their diminutive size is the result of a lack of proper food, owing to the sparsity of the grazing lands of the island. Out of every herd of ponies—the normal size being about the average of Shetlands—there will be two or three undersized, or stunted, ones; and it is these



"TEDDY" BEAR - PET OF WHITECHAPEL CHILDREN.

the dealers are after. Jamrach was the first one to recognize the advantage of the pigmy, or "lap" pony, as they have been nicknamed. The smallest one he has so far received was only twenty-seven inches high, and it was immediately purchased on its arrival in England by Lord Alfred de Rothschild, who now has it in his famous menagerie.

Lord Rothschild's establishment at Tring is a place of strange sensations for visitors. On his lawns, one sees kangaroos hopping about in great

numbers. They are thoroughly tame, and follow visitors about like dogs. Their antics are the delight of all the children whom Lord Rothschild frequently invites to his estate. "Educated," and could easily make a fortune for their owner if his lordship did not happen to possess so large a fortune already. Kangaroos are worth \$150 apiece, and Lord Rothschild has a whole "herd." Lord Rothschild's "circus" also boasts wallabies—very small kangaroos—"demonstrable" and



INTERIOR OF JAMRACH'S CURIO MUSEUM.

"crowned" cranes, both these varieties of crane being extremely rare; armadillos, pigmy Indian cattle, and other small "fry."

Of all the pigmy tribe, however, the popular fancy runs most to "Teddy bears" and pigmy ponies. The former are immense favorites. Whether it is the association with President Roosevelt, or not, the "Teddy bear" is always first choice in competition with other freaks. These bears come from Borneo, and Jamrach disposes of them for about \$50 each. They are very

"PIGMY" PONIES.

hardly little animals and, once tamed, are quite docile. One "Teddy" which Jamrach has in his London zoo is an immense favorite with the neighboring slum children, who play with him by the hour, whenever they get a chance. He follows any little boy who will bribe him with a handful of sugar.

Several of the English royal children have already provided themselves with both "Teddy bears" and tiny ponies. The two little princes of the Teck family called personally at Jamrach's recently and selected their "mounts," while an advertisement of a "Teddy bear" in a London paper brought hosts of applicants and several very prominent members of the aristocracy came personally to bid for him.

All things considered, the prices Jamrach asks for his freaks are not exorbitant. For instance, if you so desire, you may procure pigmy Indian cattle at \$50 each, emus at \$15 each, "crown" cranes—tall stately creatures, with a sort of feathery halo on their heads—at \$125 a pair, wallabies, \$50 each, pigmy ponies at \$50, "Teddy bears" from \$50 to \$80. Jamrach also goes in for "pigmy" sheep, which he sells for about \$15 apiece. Before the "Teddies" and ponies became such great favorites, there was a run on these sheep.

Has Two Establishments.

In addition to his Noah's Ark in Brittain's Court, Jamrach has another establishment just around the corner in St. George street. If possible, this latter place—as Alice in Wonderland would say—is "curiouser and curiouser." Apparently, from the outside, it is an ordinary bird store, where parrots and other members of the feathered tribe display their plumage and rend the atmosphere with their shrill calls. In the rear of the bird shop, however, Jamrach conducts you through several short passages, and opens a door, when you find yourself transported into another world.

In a large hall that resembles a sort of abandoned chapel, with beams and girders running across the roof, and a species of gallery extending all around the sides, he has an enormous collection of Eastern relics, old carvings, Japanese and Chinese works of art, clubs from cannibal tribes, implements of savage warfare, and endless oddities from all parts of the world. In one corner of the room a huge Chinese dragon threatens with instant destruction a tiny Japanese humming

bird, while a Buddhist monk, with a great dome of a head, looks on with a leer as if neither dragons nor humming birds appeared strongly to his aesthetic sense. Among some of the most curious things in this marvelous collection are little Japanese amulets or "masocots," wrought in the ancient style of Japanese carving.

"Those little figures," the Japanese who come here tell me, "said Jamrach, 'should never have left Japan, and now the Japs are buying them back. When the first war's people began trading with Japan exclusively, they bought a lot of these little figures. They are, it seems, a species of heriborn which never should have left the country. Attached to them are the personal spirits of the grandfathers and other ancestors of the families to whom they belonged; and now the Japs are anxious to get all these spirits back into their country. They are buying them back and putting on the market instead a lot of close imitations of the same objects."

"Many of these figures are supposed to have luck attached to them," continued Jamrach. "You have no idea of the number of stockbrokers and society women who come here to buy them. One stockbroker bought a little lacquer figure from me about three weeks ago. He came back the other day and bought another, as he said that the day following his purchase of the first one he had cleaned up a big sum on the Stock Exchange. His faith in the winning power of the charm was very real."

Society dames who wish to win at bridge or horse races often buy these little charms. Some bring them back if their luck does not turn out very well, and exchange them for others, with which they appear to be more satisfied."

Quite a large number of the articles in this remarkable collection were acquired by the father of the present owner. He bought cannibal clubs, masks, and other queer things from sailors. He also bought many Indian relics taken from ancient temples which are regarded by connoisseurs and others as of great value. Jamrach refused to part with a number of these things, evidently believing, like the stockbrokers, that they have brought him "luck."

Jamrach's customers hail from all parts of the world. He has had Americans, the late P. T. Barnum used to buy a number of his "freak" animals from him, and several wealthy Americans have made special trips to London in order to inspect certain of his curious wares. One millionaire American, who has been in London for many years, has bought a number of his wares, but also in freak animals and birds.

Husband of Princess

Holds Her to the Tie.

TOSELLI, the pianist, who married the former Imperial Archduchess and Crown Princess of Saxony Louise, positively declines to allow her to get a divorce. He spends his afternoons in various cheap cafes here, playing dominoes, and he says he is not "going to make room for husband No. 2."

He was told that Louise in her divorce suit, would make claim she married him under compulsion.

"I shouldn't wonder at any defense my wife will set up," said Toselli. "From Louise's friends, it is learned that she wants to shelve the pianist because as his wife she cannot get anybody to pay her the least attention. The Tosellis are 'small fry' people, and Louise's husband is now making a precarious living by piano lessons at 1 franc an hour."

Both the Bavarian and the Saxony governments have refused to allow Louise to take up her residence in the kingdom, giving as a reason that she cannot be relied upon to keep her promises, and that wherever she goes there is a scandal, and plenty of it.

UGHT TO BE FINED.

An alderman of Jackson, Miss., wants the women who wear sheath gowns on the streets of that city fined \$10 for each offense. Any woman who would waste a sheath gown on an overgrown village like Jackson deserves the punishment.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The eleventh of the series of thrilling detective stories, entitled "The Man With the Master Mind," will be printed in this section next Sunday.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SAXONY.

Africa a Vast Storehouse Of Untold Mineral Riches

The British South Africa Company is raising \$15,000,000, much of which will be spent on new railways in Rhodesia.

A correspondent of the London Times draws attention to the rich adjoining district of Katanga. This district is the northern portion of the Province Orientale of the Congo state. The Belgian Katanzan holds land, mineral and rubber concessions, and carries on the administration, both civil and military. The state retains the higher judicial functions, the customs and collection of taxes.

In the district is a great copper belt, a tin belt, and several bodies of other minerals. The great copper belt runs 180 miles. They are not copper mines in Katanga, they are copper quarries. There are mountains of pure hematite, which can be used alone as a flux in a central smelting plant is established. Other mines are self-fluxing. Over

\$1,000,000,000 worth of copper has been proved, and, asserts the correspondent after a personal visit, "it would be safe to predict that the actual wealth is ten times that amount." Coal is also there. Of tin more than \$15,000,000 worth has been proved, and the whole is estimated as worth \$150,000,000.

Copper is being produced at a cost of \$15 a ton, without any appliances. Large bodies of lime (gray dolomite) and small reefs of iron (hematite) abound in the vicinity of every copper mine. Some mines have bodies of heavily impregnated sandstone alternating with lime and iron reefs, thus being virtually free smelting.

Diamonds, petroleum, and gold are also found, but not yet in sufficiently paying quantity.

The climate is such that white men and women can live there and rear children.

UTAH ONCE HOME OF CLIFF DWELLERS

That the great mesas, cliffs, and canyons that now form a large part of the desolate region included in San Juan county, in the southeastern part of Utah, were once the homes of an extensive population that had reached some degree of civilization is the opinion of Prof. Byron Cummings, of the University of Utah, who has returned from a three months' exploration trip in that region.

It has already been established that this desert stretch was once inhabited, but through the efforts of Prof. Cummings and his coworkers it is shown that the people there arrived at a considerable degree of cleverness in building and the manufacture of pottery and weapons.

About twenty-five miles from Monticello the party excavated a large ruin at the head of Ruin canyon, on Alkali ridge. Three kivas, or ceremonial chambers, were opened, the ruin containing altogether forty-one kivas. While these ruins are similar to those found in other parts of San Juan county, apparently they were much more ancient.

The people who built them also built strong defensive works on the ruin rocks around the heads of canyons, and their dwelling places covered many acres of ground. Judging from the number of kivas it is believed that a large number of clans occupied each pueblo.

NATURAL ANSWER.

"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman. "What sort of a hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.—Wasp.

Pretty Romance of Two Sisters: Artist Weds One, Friend the Other



THE TWO SISTERS

ONE OF the most famous pictures of the Tate Gallery has been the unwitting cause of a double romance. Although it was heralded far and near a short time ago that Harold Abbott Thibomb, an American mining engineer of New Orleans, had fallen in love with the portrait of the younger of the sisters in Ralph Peacock's "The Sisters" and after a search and courtship had married the original, Ethel Brignall, of Wallington, Surrey, it is not generally known that Ralph Peacock also met his fate through the picture, for it was while he was painting it that he fell in love with the older of the two sisters and eventually married her.

The younger of the two Brignall sisters is also the original of "Ethel," another of Mr. Peacock's canvases which hangs in the Tate gallery. It was purchased eleven years ago by the nation and three years later the officials asked Mr. Peacock to sell the painting called "The Sisters" also. The painter refused, however, because of the sentimental attachment he had for it, but offered to present it to the Tate gallery. His generous offer was immediately accepted.

WHEN WEATHER WAS COLD.

An American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way and stuck in the ice like a mass of ice."

"But man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"I know that," replied the talepitter. "But the law of gravity was frozen, too!"—Ladies Home Journal.